

The Tragedy of Hamlet

But to my minde, though I am native here
 And to the manner borne, it is a custome
 More honour'd in the breach than the observance:
 This heave-headed revell East and West
 Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
 They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soile our addition: and indeed it takes
 From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute:
 So oft it chanceth in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
 (Since nature cannot choose his origen)
 By their ore-growth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit that too much ore-leavens
 The forme of plaufive manners, that these men
 Carrying I say the stampe of one defect,
 Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
 His vertues else be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergoe,
 Shall in the generall censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of ease
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
 To his owne scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blasts from hel,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, Father, royall *Dane*: O answere me,
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones hearf'd in death
 Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
 Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To

Prince of Denmark

To cast thee up againe: wh
 That thou dead coarfe again
 Revistites thus the glimpses
 Making night hideous, and
 So horridly to shake our di
 With thoughts beyond the
 Say why is this? wherefore
Hora. It beckens you to
 As if it some impartment di
 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what
 It waves you to a more rem
 But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes

Ham. It will not speake,

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what shoul
 I doe not set my life at a pi
 And for my soule, what can
 Being a thing immortall lik
 It waves me forth againe,

Hora. What if it tempt y
 Or to the dreadfull somnet
 That bettels ore his base in
 And there assume some oth
 Which might deprive your
 And draw you into madnes
 The very place puts toyes
 Without more motive, into
 That looks so many fadom
 And heares it roare beneath

Ham. It waves me still,
 Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe

Ham. Hold off your hand

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall

Ham. My fate cryes out,
 And makes each petty arte